The true LOVERS

GARLAND.

Compoſed of Three curious

New Songs.

1. How a young Knight fell in Love with a beautiful Lady; and how he obtained her at laſt without the Conſent of her Parents.
2. The beautiful Lady's Reply to the young Knight.
3. A new Song in Praiſe of Black Legs.

Licenſed and entered according to Order.

The true Lover's GARLAND, &c.

How a young Knight fell in Love with a beautiful Lady; and how he obtained her at last, without the Consent of her Parents.

HARD was my Lot for to be shot,
By *Cupid*'s cunning Arrow;
Both Night and Day I fell away,
Thro' my great Grief and Sorrow:
To the Hills and Dales I often reveal,
And breath forth Lamentation,
Which I endure for that Virgin pure,
She's the Pearl of the *English* Nation.
So divine and celestial a Creature.

Her Beauty so bright hath dazled my Sight,
And alas! my poor Heart it is wounded;
No Way can I find for to ease my Mind,
By *Cupid* I am surrounded;
Hard is the Pain which I sustain,
Sad is my Grief and Vexation,
And for the Sake of that beautiful Maid,
She's the Pearl of the *English* Nation.
So divine, &c.

Tho' many there be that daily I see,
Of beautiful charming Creatures,
With red rosie Cheeks and ruby Lips,
And likewise comely Features:

And

And yet there is none Abroad or at Home,
In Country, Town or Plantation,
That can compare with this Maiden fair,
She's the Pearl of the *Engliſh* Nation.
So divine, &c.

Her Beauty ſo bright has dazled my Sight,
That I ſpend my Time in weeping;
I ſigh, I groan, I ſob, and I moan,
While others lye by me ſleeping:
To ſome loneſome Place, I'll go for a Space,
I'll make it my Habitation;
Since I cannot gain that beautiful Dame,
She's the Pearl of the *Engliſh* Nation,
So divine, &c.

I know there is ſome that think I do mourn,
And make my whole Moan for the Lilly;
Perhaps it is ſo, but the Cauſe of my Wo,
Is for the Roſe that grows in the Valley:
She's rare to be ſeen, like *Venus* the Queen,
For Modeſty, Virtue and Patience;
My Heart is link'd with that beautiful Pink,
She's the Pearl of the *Engliſh* Nation.
So divine, &c.

Alas! there is none can eaſe my Moan,
But only that charming Creature;
With her Cheeks like the Roſe that ſweetly grows
Hard by the Banks of *Cedar*:
Her Name to declare, this Time I'll forbear,
Tho' my Heart is fill'd with Vexation;
Yet you may ſuppoſe ſhe is called the Roſe,
She's the Pearl of the *Engliſh* Nation.
So divine, &c.

Theſe Lines I intend to have them penn'd,
And ſend them to my deareſt Jewel,
For to let her know great Part of my Wo;
And if ſhe ſhould chance to prove cruel,
Like a Pilgrim I'll go thro' Froſt and thro' Snow;
I'll forſake my former Station,
Since I cannot gain that beautiful Dame,
She's the Pearl of the *Engliſh* Nation.
So divine, &c.

I will travel to *Spain*, from thence to *Lorain*,
I will often Times croſs the wide Ocean;
Since Sorrow and Pain, through haughty Diſdain,
Has happen'd to be my Portion:
If Hunger and Cold ſhould on me take hold,
And cauſe me to die in this Station;
The Woods will not ring, nor hear me to ſing,
She's the Pearl of the *Engliſh* Nation.
So divine, &c.

Tho' I am ſo ſad, yet if I now had
But Part of the learn'd Gifts of *Ovid*,
With a willing Mind, to what I have penn'd,
I would freely own and diſcloſe it;
My Name I'll rehearſe, tho' it be but in Verſe,
And make a ſolemn Declaration,
For I vow and ſwear my Heart is enſnar'd,
With the Pearl of the *Engliſh* Nation.
So divine, &c.

P is a Part, and A is an Art,
And T is a Teacher of Strangers,
R I and C is the Number of Three,
And K is the Keeper of Chambers;

The

The K ſhall be King, when E cannot reign,
The L muſt lye in its Station:
The Y ſhall be young, when it is new ſung,
She's the Pearl of the *Engliſh* Nation.
So divine, &c.

Virgins be kind when you hear theſe Lines,
And have the ſame fully peruſed;
If I've ſaid ought out of the Way,
Pray let my Fault be excuſed:
An Anſwer pray ſend to what I've pen'd,
Since I have made a Declaration;
For I vow and ſwear my Heart is enſnar'd,
With the Pearl of the *Engliſh* Nation.
So divine and celeſtial a Creature.

The beautiful Lady's Reply.

THEN reply'd this beautiful Bride,
Her Anſwer was with Diſcretion;
My Parents they ſay they'll turn me away,
If I join with your Profeſſion;
Out of this Land, as I underſtand,
They will ſend me to ſee no Man,
If I attempt, without Conſent,
To marry a Man that's a *Roman*.

My deareſt, ſaid he, if you will agree,
This Day with me to marry;
There is Gold and Land at your Command,
Therefore let us no tarry:
For let Friends ſay what they will,
I am obliged to no Man;

I will

I will prove faithful to you ſtill,
Although I am a *Roman*.
Then ſhe ſaid, I am a Maid,
With you I'll freely marry,
I will no longer be afraid,
Therefore let's not tarry:
I know my Parents they will chide,
And lay I am rul'd by no Man,
And turn me quite out of their Sight,
For marrying a Man that's a *Roman*.

This loving Couple marry'd were,
In Plenty, Peace and Pleaſure,
Near a Caſtle *Bling*, as we hear,
Enjoying Store of Treaſure.
This young Man, free from Care and Strife,
Enjoys his charming Jewel;
She proves a virtuous loving Wife,
Although her Friends are cruel.

A new Song in Praiſe of Black Legs.

MOST People ſwift Black Legs admire,
Her Praiſes permit me to ſing;
A Race there was run on *Knaveſmire*,
And won by this little brown Thing.
Fal, lal, &c.

The Gameſters cry'd one to another,
As unto the Races they rid.
What Odds dare you venture kind Brother?
What think you o' Little David?

Black Legs and Trimmer did enter,
With David to run for the Place;

The

The Gameſters their Money did venture,
But mind what I've got to relate.

Six Guineas to Four they would lay, Sir,
That *Hudſon*'s brown Mare did not win:
They ſtarted, and quick ran away, Sir,
But down came this little brown Thing.

The Jockey was thrown from the Saddle,
Poor Black Legs recovered her Feet,
He mounted, and after did paddle;
But David brought in the firſt Heat.

Two Guineas to One they did offer,
That ſhe could not get the next Heat;
But *Hudſon* rejected the Proffer,
And whiſper'd, ſhe'd certainly beat.

They ſtarted, and David ran nigh, Sir,
The Jockey was wondrous hot;
But Black Legs laid craftily by, Sir,
While Trimmer the ſecond Heat got.

The Gentlemen laid Two to One,
Before they came up to the Poſt,
That *Hudſon*'s brown Mare could get none;
But Money they certainly loſt.

Black Legs and Trimmer ran hard,
I think for the Length of two Mile;
Little David ſhe did not regard;
The Baker began for to ſmile.

The Citizens ventured their Money,
The Countrymen ſhouted amain,

Each Gameſter went Home to his Honey,
His Purſe would not let him remain.

The third Heat ſhe eaſily got,
While Trimmer was whipp'd to get in;
Poor David was monſtrous hot;
The Citizens ſhouted again.

The fourth was not very hard Work,
The Ruſticks ran down to the River:
We came to the City of *York*,
Proclaiming a Black Legs for ever.

Fal, lal, &c.

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This incomparable little Mare (about thirteen Hands and a Half high, and indiſputably the beſt of her Size at preſent in the Kingdom, or perhaps ever was in it) was bred by Mr *Shearden*, of *Elwick*, nigh *Hartlepool*, in the Biſhoprick of *Durham*; was got by Mr *Ellerker's* Ball; her Dam by a Horſe of *Fletcher Vane*, Eſq; The late Sir *Robert Eden* had full Siſter to Black Legs for a Brood Mare, which run ſeveral Times, and never was beat: Mr *Shearden* run full Brother to her when four Years old at *Alnwick* and *Durham*, won the firſt, and was ſecond to Mr *Bowes's* Cato at *Durham*; he was then ſold for 95 *l.* and ſent Abroad. Black Legs in 1752, won 50 *l.* at *Hull*, and *Stockton*; in 1753, 50 *l.* at *Shrewsbury*, *Newton*, *York* and *Doncaſter*; in 1754, 50 *l.* at *Hull*, *York* and *Swaffham*; in 1755, 50 *l.* at *Shrewsbury*, and *York* beating Cato and Driver; in 1756, 50 *l.* at *Hull*, and *York*, beating Little David and Trimmer.

FINIS.